

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

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VOL. III.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

LEGEND OF BOTTLE-HILL.

It was in the good days when the little people, most impudently called fairies, were more frequently seen than they are in these unbelieving times, that a farmer, named Mick Purcell, rented a few acres of barren ground in the neighbourhood of the once celebrated preceptory of Mourne, situated about three miles from Mallow, and thirteen from "the beautiful city called Cork." Mick had a wife and family; they all did what they could, and that was but little, for the poor man had no child grown up big enough to help him in his work; and all the poor woman could do was to mind the children, and to milk the one cow, and to boil the potatoes, and carry the eggs to market to Mallow; but, with all they could do, 'twas hard enough on them to pay the rent. Well, they did manage it for a good while: but at last came a bad year, and the little grain of oats was all spoiled, and the chickens died of the pip, and the pig got the measles—*she* was sold in Mallow and brought almost nothing; and poor Mick found that he hadn't enough to half pay his rent, and two gales were due.

"Why, then, Molly," says he, "what 'll we do?" "Wisha, then, mavournene, what would you do but take the cow to the fair of Cork and sell her," says she; "and Monday is fair day, and so you must go to-morrow, that the poor beast may be rested *again* the fair." "And what 'll we do when she's gone?" says Mick, sorrowfully. "Never a know I know, Mick; but sure God won't leave us without him, Mick; and you know how good he was when poor little Billy was sick, and we had nothing at all for him to take, that good doctor gentlemen at Ballydabin come riding and asking for a drink of milk; and how he gave us two shillings; and how he sent the things and the bottles for the child, and gave me my

breakfast when I went over to ask a question, so he did; and how he came to see Billy; and never left off his goodness till he was quite well." "Oh! you are always that way, Molly, and I believe you are right after all, so I won't be sorry for selling the cow; but I'll go to-morrow, and you must put a needle and thread through my coat, for you know 'tis ripped under the arm."

Molly told him he should have every thing right; and about twelve o'clock next day he left her, getting a charge not to sell his cow except for the highest penny. Mick promised to mind it, and went his way along the road. He drove his cow slowly through the little stream which crosses it, and runs under the old walls of Mourne; as he passed he glanced his eyes upon the towers and one of the old elder trees, which were only then little bits of switches. "Oh, then, if I only had half the money that's buried in you, 'tisn't driving this poor cow I'd be now! Why, then, isn't too bad that it should be there covered over with earth, and many a one besides me wanting it? Well, if it's God's will, I'll have some money myself coming back."

So saying, he moved on after his beast; 'twas a fine day, and the sun shone brightly on the walls of the old abbey as he passed under them; he then crossed an extensive mountain tract, and after six long miles he came to the top of that hill—Bottle Hill 'tis called now, but that was not the name of it then, and just there a man overtook him. "Good morrow," says he. "Good morrow, kindly," says Mick, looking at the stranger, who was a little man, you'd almost call him a dwarf, only he was 'nt quite so little neither: he had a bit of an old, wrinkled yellow face, for all the world like a dried cauliflower, only he had a sharp little nose, and red eyes, and white hair, and his lips were not red; but all his face was one colour, and his eyes never were quiet, but looking at every thing, and, although they were red, they made Mick feel quite cold when he looked at them. In truth he did not much like the little man's company; and he couldn't see one bit of his legs nor his body, for, though the day was warm, he was all wrapped up in a big great coat. Mick drove his cow something

faster, but the little man kept up with him. Mick didn't know how he walked, for he was almost afraid to look at him, and to cross himself, for fear the old man would be angry. Yet he thought his fellow-traveller did not seem to walk like other men, nor to put one foot before the other, but to glide over the rough road, and rough enough it was, like a shadow, without noise and without effort. Mick's heart trembled within him, and he said a prayer to himself, wishing he hadn't come out that day, or that he was on Fair Hill, or that he hadn't the cow to mind, that he might run away from the bad thing—when, in the midst of his fears, he was again addressed by his companion.

"Where are you going with the cow, honest man?" "To the fair of Cork then," says Mick, trembling at the shrill and piercing tones of his voice. "Are you going to sell her?" said the stranger. "Why, then, what else am I going for but to sell her?" "Will you sell her to me?" Mick stated—he was afraid to have any thing to do with the little man, and he was more afraid to say no. "What 'll you give for her?" at last says he. "I'll tell you what: I'll give you this bottle," said the little one, pulling a bottle from under his coat. Mick looked at him and the bottle, and, in spite of his terror, he could not help bursting into a loud fit of laughter. "Laugh if you will," said the little man, "but I tell you this bottle is better for you than all the money you will get for the cow in Cork—ay, than ten thousand times as much." Mick laughed again. "Why, then," says he, "do you think I am such a fool as to give my good cow for a bottle—and an empty one, too? indeed, then, I won't. "You had better give me the cow, and take the bottle—you'll not be sorry for it." "Why, then, and what would Molly say? I'd never hear the end of it; and how would I pay the rent? and what would we all do without a penny of money?"

"I tell you this bottle is better to you than money; take it, and give me the cow. I ask you for the last time, Mick Purcell." Mick started. "How does he know my name?" thought he. The stranger proceeded, "Mick Purcell, I know you, and I have a regard for you: therefore do as I warn you, or you may be sorry for it. How do you know but your cow will die before you go to Cork?" Mick was going to say, "God forbid!" but the little man went on, and he was too attentive to say any thing to stop him; for Mick was a very civil man, and he knew better than to interrupt a gentleman, and that's what many people, that hold their heads higher, don't mind now. "And how do you know but there will be much cattle at the fair, and you will get a bad price, or may be you might be robbed when

you are coming home? but what need I talk more to you, when you are determined to throw away your luck, Mick Purcell." "Oh! no, I would not throw away my luck, sir," said Mick; "and if I was sure the bottle was as good as you say, though I never liked an empty bottle, although I had drank the contents of it, I'd give you the cow in the name."——

"Never mind names," said the stranger, "but give me the cow; I would not tell you a lie. Here, take the bottle, and, when you go home, do what I direct exactly." Mick hesitated. "Well, then, good by, I can stay no longer: once more, take it, and be rich; refuse it, and beg for your life, and see your children in poverty, and your wife dying for want—that will happen to you, Mick Purcell!" said the little man, with a malicious grin, which made him look ten times more ugly than ever. "May be, 'tis true," said Mick, still hesitating: he did not know what to do—he could hardly help believing the old man, and at length, in a fit of desperation, he seized the bottle—"Take the cow," said he, "and if you are telling a lie, the curse of the poor will be on you." "I care neither for your curses nor your blessings, but I have spoken truth, Mick Purcell, and that you will find to-night, if you do what I tell you." "And what's that?" says Mick. "When you go home, never mind if your wife is angry, but be quiet yourself, and make her sweep the room clean, set the table out right, and spread a clean cloth over it; then put the bottle on the ground, saying these words: 'Bottle, do your duty,' and you will see the end of it." "And is this all?" says Mick. "No more," said the stranger. "Good by, Mick Purcell—you are a rich man." "God grant it!" said Mick, as the old man moved after the cow, and Mick retraced the road towards his cabin; but he could not help turning back his head to look after the purchaser of his cow, who was nowhere to be seen. "Lord between us and harm!" said Mick: "He can't belong to this earth; but where is the cow?" She too was gone, and Mick went homeward uttering prayers, and holding fast the bottle.

"And what would I do if it broke?" thought he. "Oh! but I'll take care of that;" so he put it into his bosom, and went on, anxious to prove his bottle, and doubting of the reception he should meet from his wife; balancing his anxieties with his expectation, his fears with his hopes, he reached home in the evening, and surprised his wife, sitting over the turf fire in the big chimney. "Oh! Mick, are you come back? Sure you weren't at Cork all the way! What has happened to you? Where is the cow? Did you sell her? How much money did you get for her? What news have you?

"Tell us every thing about it." "Why, then, Molly, if you'll give me time, I'll tell you all about it. If you want to know where the cow is, 'tish't Mick can tell you, for the never a know does he know where she is now." "Oh! then, you sold her; and where's the money?" "Arrah! stop awhile, Molly, and I'll tell you all about it." "But what bottle is that under your waistcoat?" said Molly, spying its neck sticking out. "Why, then, be easy now, can't you," says Mick, "till I tell it to you;" and putting the bottle on the table, "That's all I got for the cow."

His poor wife was thunderstruck. "All you got! and what good is that, Mick? Oh! I never thought you were such a fool; and what 'll we do for the rent, and what?"—"Now Molly," says Mick, "can't you hearken to reason? Didn't I tell you how the old man, or whatsoever he was, met me—no, did not meet me neither, but he was there with me—on the big hill, and how he made me sell him the cow, and told me the bottle was the only thing for me?" "Yes, indeed, the only thing for you, you fool!" said Molly, seizing the bottle to hurl it at her poor husband's head; but Mick caught it, and quietly (for he minded the old man's advice) loosened his wife's grasp, and placed the bottle again in his bosom. Poor Molly sat down crying, while Mick told her his story, with many a crossing and blessing between him and harm. His wife could not help believing him, particularly as she had as much faith in fairies as she had in the priest, who indeed never discouraged her belief in the fairies; may be, he didn't know she believed in them, and may be he believed in them himself. She got up, however, without saying one word, and began to sweep the earthen floor with a bunch of heath; then she tied up every thing, and put out the log table, and spread the clean cloth, for she had only one, upon it, and Mick, placing the bottle on the ground, looked at it and said, "Bottle do your duty."

"Look there! look there, mammy!" said his chubby eldest son, a boy about five years old—"look there! look there!" and he sprung to his mother's side, as two tiny little fellows rose like light from the bottle, and in an instant covered the table with dishes and plates of gold and silver, full of the finest victuals that ever were seen, and when all was done went into the bottle again. Mick and his wife looked at every thing with astonishment; they had never seen such plates and dishes before, and didn't think they could ever admire them enough; the very sight almost took away their appetites; but at length Molly said, "come and sit down, Mick, and try and eat a bit: sure you ought to be hungry after such a good day's work." "Why, then, the man told no lie about the bottle." Mick sat down, after putting the

children to the table and they made a hearty meal, though they couldn't taste half the dishes.

"Now," says Molly, "I wonder will those two good little gentlemen carry away these fine things again?" They waited, but no one came; so Molly put up the dishes and plates very carefully, saying "Why then, Mick that was no lie sure enough: but you'll be a rich man yet, Mick Purcell." Mick and his wife and children went to their bed, not to sleep, but to settle about selling the fine things they did not want, and to take more land. Mick went to Cork and sold his plate, and bought a horse and cart, and began to show that he was making money; and they did all they could to keep the bottle a secret; but for all that, their landlord found it out, for he came to Mick one day and asked him where he got all his money—sure it was not by the farm; and he bothered him so much, that at last Mick told him of the bottle. His landlord offered him a deal of money for it, but Mick would not give it, till at last he offered to give him all his farm for ever: so Mick, who was very rich, thought he'd never want any more money, and gave him the bottle; but Mick was mistaken—he and his family spent money as if there was no end of it; and to make the story short, they became poorer and poorer, till at last they had nothing left but one cow; and Mick once more drove his cow before him to sell her at Cork fair, hoping to meet the old man and get another bottle. It was barely daybreak when he left home, and he walked on at a good pace till he reached the big hill: the mists were sleeping in the valleys, and curling like smoke wreaths upon the brown heath around him. The sun rose on his left, and just at his feet a lark sprang from its grassy couch and poured forth its joyous matin song, ascending into the clear blue sky,—

"Till its form like a speck in the airiness blending,
And, thrilling with music, was melting in light."

Mick crossed himself, listening as he advanced to the sweet song of the lark, but thinking, notwithstanding, all the time of the little old man; when, just as he reached the summit of the hill, and cast his eyes over the extensive prospect before and around him, he startled and rejoiced by the same well-known voice: "Well, Mick Purcell, I told you, you would be a rich man."

"Indeed, then, sure enough I was, that's no lie for you, sir. Good morning to you, but it is not rich I am now—but have you another bottle, for I want it now as much as I did long ago; so if you have it, sir here is the cow for it." "And here is the bottle," said the old man, smiling; "you know what to do with it." "Oh! then, sure I do, as good right I have." "Well, farewell for ever, Mick Purcell: I told you, you would

be a rich man." "And good by to you, sir," said Mick, as he turned back; "and good luck to you, and good luck to the big hill—it wants a name—Bottle Hill.—Good by, sir, good by:" so Mick walked back as fast as he could, never looking after the white-faced little gentleman and the cow, so anxious was he to bring home the bottle. —Well, he arrived with it safely enough, and called out as soon as he saw Molly—"Oh! sure I've another bottle!" "Arrah! then, have you? why, then, you're a lucky man, Mick Purcell, that's what you are." In an instant she put every thing right; and Mick, looking at his bottle, exultingly cried out, "Bottle, do your duty." In a twinkling, two great stout men with big cudgels issued from the bottle (I do not know how they got room in it,) and belaboured poor Mick and his wife and all his family, till they lay on the floor, when in they went again. Mick, as soon as he recovered, got up and looked about him; he thought and thought, and at last he took up his wife and his children; and, leaving them to recover as well as they could, he took the bottle under his coat and went to his landlord, who had a great company: he got a servant to tell him he wanted to speak to him, and at last he came out to Mick. "Well, what do you want now?" Nothing, sir, only I have another bottle." "Oh! ho! is it as good as the first?" "Yes, sir, and better; if you like, I will show it to you before all the ladies and gentlemen." "Come along, then." So saying, Mick was brought into the great hall, where he saw his old bottle standing high upon a shelf. "Ah! ha!" says he to himself, "may be I won't have you by and by." "Now," says his landlord, "show us your bottle." Mick set it on the floor, and uttered the words: in a moment the landlord was tumbled on the floor; ladies and gentlemen, servants and all, were running and roaring, and sprawling, and kicking, and shrieking. Wine-cups and salvers were knocked about in every direction, until the landlord called out, "Stop those two devils, Mick Purcell, or I'll have you hanged." "They never shall stop," said Mick, "till I get my own bottle that I see up there at top of that shelf." "Give it down to him, give it down to him, before we are all killed!" says the landlord.

Mick put his bottle in his bosom: in jumped the two men into the new bottle, and he carried them home. I need not lengthen my story by telling how he got richer than ever, how his son married his landlord's only daughter, how he and his wife died when they were very old, and how some of the servants, fighting at their wake, broke the bottles; but still the hill has the name upon it; ay, and so 'twill be always Bottle Hill to the end of the world, and so it ought, for it is a strange story!

ANTONIO AND GINEVRA.

Antonio Rondinilli had become deeply enamoured of the beauties of the lady Ginevra degle Amieri, and had persevered in his attachment for more than four years, subsequent to 1396, against the express wishes of her father, who wished to bestow her hand upon one of the Agolanti family, named Francesco, as being of superior fortune to his rival, although not so agreeable in the eyes of the fair Ginevra. She may be said, therefore, to have been forced into the arms of Francesco, as she yielded a reluctant consent to her parent's will; while unfortunately the passion of Antonio seemed only to acquire fresh vigour from the bitter disappointment of all his hopes. In the wretchedness of his heart, he vowed never to bestow his hand upon another; and he still indulged himself in the sad consolation of gazing upon her at public festivals, in churches, and private assemblies.

Now it chanced that in the great plague of 1400, which ravaged so many cities of Italy, and especially Florence, the fair Ginevra was taken sick, and, owing either to the neglect of the physicians, or the malignant nature of the disease, soon after fell an apparent victim to its rage. Strong hysterical affections, then little understood, had preceded her decease; and every one around her supposed she had ceased to breathe. Immediate interment also taking place, as was usual in those periods of distress, she narrowly escaped the fate, most probably shared by many in such seasons of terror, of being inhumed alive. Borne by a body of priests, she was laid, with little ceremony, in the family-vault belonging to the chapel of her ancestors, and to this day the place is pointed out to the curious stranger who visits the spot. She was greatly lamented by her husband, her friends, and indeed by all who knew her virtues; but the grief of none was equal to that of Antonio Rondinelli, when he heard of her sudden decease.

Esteemed by all ranks, only a few months a bride, her supposed fate drew tears from many eyes; yet only a few hours of that fatal night had elapsed, when, awakening out of her lethargic slumber, the poor young creature opened her eyes. The moon shone brightly; when, shivering with the cold damp air of the vault (it being the month of October), she attempted to raise herself up, and, in a short time, began to recognise the place in which she lay. Commending herself to the mercy of Heaven and all its guardian saints, she strove to release herself from the unearthly garments, and, perceiving a glimmer of light through a crevice in the door, she succeeded, though faint and exhausted, in reaching the entrance of the vault. Having mounted the steps, by degrees she removed a portion of the covering.

least secured, through which she had observed the light, and at length, with extreme difficulty, issued forth. Terror and despair had hitherto given her strength, while the cold air now braced her nerves, and, thinly clad as she was, she pursued her way (hence called *Via della Morte*) towards her husband's house, along the *Corso degli Adimari*, now named *Via Dei Calzajoli*, and along some by streets, until she reached her own door. Her husband, who happened to be sitting sorrowfully over the fire just before retiring to rest, himself went to the door, and, on beholding such a figure, and hearing a low and plaintive voice, he started back, and made the sign of the cross, believing it was a spirit. Then invoking her to depart, he hastily shut the door in her face, and went trembling to bed, vowing to have more masses and alms offered up the following day for the repose of her soul.

Ginevra wept; "Is this the love," she cried, "he should have borne me! alas, alas, what shall I do? must I perish of cold and hunger in the streets?" Then recollecting her father's house, she pursued her weary way thither; but as he was from home, and her mother, from an upper story, hearing a weak plaintive voice, interrupted with sobs and shiverings, exclaimed, in a paroxysm of pious fear, "Get thee gone in peace, blessed spirit;" and shut down the window in hopes that she had laid the ghost. The wretched girl, then, wringing her hands, resumed her way, and attempted to reach the abode of one of her uncles, resting frequently as she went; yet, after all, she found her toil still unrecompensed, receiving the same reply wherever she went, "Get thee gone in peace;" after which polite reception, the door was closed in her face. At length, weary with suffering, she laid herself down to sleep, or rather to die, under the little lodge of *San Bartolommeo*, when, just before closing her eyes, she bethought herself, as a last resource, of her former lover, from whom she was then at no great distance. "Yet what reception," she mentally exclaimed, "ought I to expect, after the slights and ill-treatment that he has met with at the hands of me and my family; when I consider, too, how those who professed to love me have driven me from their doors!" It was with a misgiving heart, then, that she knocked at Antonio's door. Whether or not we are to suppose that he possessed superior strength of courage or of love, beyond all her natural relatives whom she had tried, certain it is, that instead of being terrified at her appearance, he advanced boldly and even eagerly towards her, gazing upon her with fixed looks, and drawing his breath deeply; then, apparently recognising her, he exclaimed, in a kind and gentle tone, "Art thou, indeed, Ginevra, or her pure and

sainted spirit?" and the next moment he felt her, a living and breathing woman, in his arms! Calling out loudly for assistance, his mother and servants came running to inquire what had happened, most of whom, on beholding her, ran away again faster than they had approached. But the happy Antonio, bearing her in his arms, had her speedily wrapped in warm linen, and placed upon a couch, between his mother and another female, in order to restore her to a natural warmth. Still he indulged fears that she would not revive, while he availed himself of every thing that art or nature could furnish to cherish the vital flame. It would be difficult to decide whether, as he watched her gradually reviving, his feeling of unutterable joy was not greater than had been that of his overwhelming grief, on first hearing tidings that her beloved spirit had fled. He lingered around her bed, or was ever at her side, unwilling to trust her even to the most confidential servants of the household, and administering every cordial to her with his own hand. When she was at last enabled to sit up, she fell at her benefactor's, her lover's feet, and, while she poured forth her unutterable gratitude in floods of tears and passionate exclamations, she yet, with her characteristic purity and virtue, besought him to have pity on her, to respect her honour, and to add to all his generosity and tenderness the disinterestedness of a true friend. For he knew, she continued, that there was nothing she could, nothing she ought to deny him, after such unheard of kindness, and that she was henceforward his handmaid and his slave. Still, she should prefer death to the loss of virtue or of reputation; and, if he truly loved her, he would respect them; and that he did love her as none ever before loved was evident in the charity, courage, and true tenderness with which he had taken her to his arms, when husband, father, mother, and all friends and relatives forsook her.

Antonio, delighted to dwell upon her voice, hung enraptured over her, as she spoke, and then, falling before her upon his knees, he entreated her forgiveness, if he had, in the slightest instance, forgotten himself, or transgressed the strictest bounds prescribed by reverence and honour. She could only answer him with a fresh gush of tears, as she pressed his hands, with tremulous emotion to her heart and lips; while, soothing her alarm, the kind Antonio assured her that she owed him nothing, that he was more than sufficiently rewarded in beholding her restoration to health and beauty, and that he wished and would accept nothing from her but gratitude. "Did she," he continued, with an expression of anguish and alarm, "insist upon being immediately restored to her husband's arms? then let her

“speak it. Hesitate not, spare me not,” he cried; “I will do it, though I die for it!”—“Ah! never, never,” exclaimed the wretched girl; “wedded though I be, I will not see him, I will not dwell with him more. Let me rather fly to a nunnery, and again become buried alive for ever. Besides, death has dissolved our union: I was dead to him; nay, he interred me, and but now drove me from his presence. Mention him no more,” she continued, “for, were it requisite, I would appeal to our tribunal, to every tribunal upon earth! Have they not moreover, numbered me with the dead, and rejected me when I rose from the grave by little less than a miracle?”

The delighted Antonio, on receiving these sweet assurances, could only fall at her feet, and thank her with his tears; but they were tears of ecstatic pleasure, soon smiled and kissed away. For, as if to promote the wishes which both, in their secret hearts, indulged, Agolanti, the former husband of the lady, being of a covetous disposition, disposed of the whole of her ornaments and dresses, which Antonio, who had his eye upon all the proceedings of her relations, very soon contrived to get into his own hands. Agolanti, shortly afterwards, meeting with a lady of fortune, paid his addresses to her; upon which, Antonio, and his beautiful Ginevra, no longer hesitating what course to pursue, resolved to secure the blissful object they had in view, and to unite their fate everlastingly in one. The new marriage deeds being therefore drawn out according to the usual forms, without the knowledge of even her nearest relatives, who had scarcely yet finished offering up masses for her soul, of which they imagined, from what they had seen, that she stood in the utmost need, she proceeded to church early one Sunday morning to confer her hand upon the happy Antonio. Her future mother-in-law, with a single servant, and Antonio following them, as if going to hear mass, formed the whole of the wedding-party. When just on the point of entering the church, they encountered another procession; it was that of her late husband Agolanti, her mother, and other friends, proceeding exactly on the same destination. What was here to be done, and which did it behove to yield precedence to the other? With the greatest presence of mind, Antonio's bride accosted her mother, who, in some surprise and terror, with the rest of the party, kept at a respectful distance. Yet it being daylight, and observing Ginevra so well dressed, and looking so beautiful and so happy, they felt somewhat re-assured when she accosted them, and briefly informed them, that, as her physicians had given her over, the priest administered extreme unction, and her friends and relatives performed

her last obsequies, she had taken her final leave, and no longer belonged to them: that it was plain, moreover, that they wished it to be so, for that, after she had been miraculously restored to them, no one had taken the least notice of her, but, on the other hand, had driven her from her own doors: that he alone, from whom she expected least, had received her like a good Samaritan, and opened his house and arms to her, restoring her to life and love; and that, by all the laws of heaven and earth, she would henceforth be his, for without his assistance she must assuredly have died; so that, having every claim to her gratitude, she had consented to become wholly his. Then taking a hasty farewell of her mother and her friends, the parties separated, not choosing to perform the respective ceremonies at the same time, and in the same church. Upon their return, after the marriage-feast was concluded, a messenger arrived with an order from the bishop, and, in the presence of her former husband, summoned for the occasion, the prelate declared the ecclesiastical sentence, of which the tenor ran: that the fair Ginevra should remain the wife of Antonio, and that her former husband should restore the whole of her dower, since it was clear that the lady had been dead and buried, but to the glory of the church had been miraculously restored.

THE GLEANER.

—So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh,
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too.

CROSS READINGS.—J. Ward was brought up by F. Worthington, charged with stealing from his fob—500 barrels of the best spermaceti oil.

Wants a situation to attend on an elderly lady—a clever, well-bred tilbury horse, the property of a gentleman.

A squadron of ships is preparing at Chatham to rendezvous—at the Theatre Royal Drury-Lane.

The Anne, of 500 tons burden, has just arrived, laden with—two ounces of Huxham's improved tincture of Peruvian bark.

On Sunday a lady dropt a reticule in Cheapside, containing—350 acres of fine arable land and a farm-house.

To be sold, a large statuary marble chimney-piece—of respectable connexions, and without incumbrance.

ORIGIN OF MUSIC.—A certain historian tells us, that a philosopher, passing a smith's shop, was induced to listen to the ringing of the hammers on the workman's anvil; he fancied that, if properly managed, it would be very delightful music, and thereupon invented a very pleasing instrument.

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd

CROSSING THE ALPS.

No I.

LONG before daybreak we were roused from our beds, and found the morning, though it was only in the month of October, excessively cold. It is always so on the north side of the higher Alps. The winter sun rarely penetrates there with its lukewarm rays, and the wind, in all seasons, comes there with a chillness which it gathers from the glaciers before it descends into the valleys. I could scarcely imagine in what way we were to escape through the mountains which enclosed us on every side. How were we to pass over those lofty ridges, whose peaks were more than two thousand feet in height? Their snowy tops glittered like immense suns, whilst their bases were wrapped in a dark gloom, here and there illumined by a straggling ray of light.

My travelling companions were an uninteresting set of persons, who looked upon their journey as a fatiguing business, and were eager to arrive at their destinations. One was bound for Florence, where he expected a situation in the tax-office; another, for Genoa, where he meant to apply for employment in the excise;—two military men, who had been on a furlough in consequence of their wounds, were in terror lest they should arrive at their regiments too late for proceeding with them to join the grand army. After passing over several smaller mountains, we arrived at a defile, through which we beheld Mont Cenis, whose summit rose through the clouds which hung around its sides. This was the last that remained to be passed before our arrival at Turin. The beautiful road which has since been made for heavy carriages did not at that time exist. Ours had been taken to pieces at Lanslebourg, where we were furnished with about twenty mules, to transport us, our baggage, and the pieces of the diligence. Each mule was hung round by five or six tinkling bells; the noise of our caravan may be easily fancied. It was necessary for us to pass the mountain by a rugged path, often running between two abysses of such depth, that the slightest false step of the mule was sure to dash both animal and rider into pieces. Such accidents, however, rarely happen. They place their cautious feet in almost the very same tracks which their predecessors have trodden for ages. The traveller need not hold the bridle, except to steady himself in the saddle. It might be fatal if he attempted to direct the mule, who is much better acquainted than he is with the path. Equally

dangerous would it be, if he suffered his terrors to agitate him, when, in turning a sharp angle, he sees the head of the beast over one precipice, and his hinder feet just on the edge of another.

We endeavoured by gaiety to dissipate alarm; marching along in files, we made the mountains echo with our songs. The waterfalls, the woods, defiles, and valleys repeated the cadences. It is surprising that no instances should have occurred of robbers having taken advantage of these passes, rendered so favourable to their purposes by the obscurity of the defiles, and the embarrassments of the traveller. Our march extended into the night, when we were in the middle of the perilous career.

In proportion as we ascended, the severity of the cold increased, to a degree almost intolerable. These wild regions, surrounded by eternal snows, are subject to cold blasts, sudden storms, and frequent avalanches. The latter happen generally in the months of May and June, when the snow begins to melt: they are dangerous, not only to individuals, but likewise to whole villages. The whirlwinds are less rare, and take place in the winter months. They sweep away the snows from the summits and sometimes blind the traveller. They fill up the gulfs and make them level with the contiguous heights, so that the unwary traveller often loses his life by mistaking the route. On the top of the mountain a cannon has been placed, for the purpose of indicating to travellers the approach of these fearful storms, and to enable them to gain the shelter of the stations which have been constructed in different parts of the road. When the blasts are over, the persons who occupy the canteens wander about in search of any unfortunate travellers who may have lost their way. On Mount St. Bernard, this benevolent duty is performed by sagacious dogs, who are trained up to this duty.

We continued to ascend for an hour and a half to the summit of Mont Cenis, and the whole party stopped at the Great Cross. By using the word summit, I do not wish to lead the reader into any mistake: it is a summit only in relation to the point of our departure, that is to say, it is the highest part of the whole road. Still it is not more than half way up the mountain, whose sides, peak, and *needles*, ascend to a height nearly equal to that which we had already mounted. Some travellers and scholars have asserted that it was by Mont Cenis that Hannibal entered Italy. This is one of the obscurities of history which never can be cleared up. If, however, it were true, that from the height of the Alps the Carthaginian soldiers beheld the beautiful plains of Italy, all the probabilities would be in favour of Mount Viso, the only one of all the Alps, from Col-de-

Tende to the Venetian Alps, which affords a practicable place whence Italy, that is to say Piedmont, could be discerned. At every other place it is impossible to march along the rugged steep outside. Within the mountains it is less difficult to follow the course of the valleys, which, though considerably above the level of the sea, are nevertheless shut out from any extensive prospect by the lofty ledges which surround them.

After a short stay we passed on. I do not envy the people of the Grand Cross their habitation. They consist of a family, and are condemned for nine or ten months of the year to live in the midst of frost, snow, and ice. Although much higher than any parts of France or Italy, yet they lose sight of the sun two or three hours earlier each day. Still, though surrounded by ice, they may, in certain parts of Mont Cenis, behold flowers and butterflies in all seasons. Spots of verdure, hedged round with snow, are not unfrequent, and the lake on one of the platforms of the mountain remains unfrozen for half the year.

THE DRAMA.

— Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BROOKS

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

In a Spanish work, printed at Seville, in 1575, we find the following story, from which it is supposed Shakspeare derived the hint when he wrote the "Taming of a Shrew:"—

In a certain town there was a Moor of great respectability, who had a son, the best young man in the world, full of great projects, but so poor, that he had the will, but not the power, to execute them. In the same place there was another Moor, very rich, and he had an only daughter, but she was a devil, and nobody would marry her. The young man came one day to his father and said, 'Father, I am weary of the poor and wretched life I lead; I wish to marry.' The father said he should be delighted if his son could find a party that suited him; upon which the young man named his neighbour's daughter: on hearing this the father was much surprised; but the son persisted in desiring his father to speak to the Moor, who was his intimate friend, and ask him for his daughter. The Moor said, when he was applied to, that he had no objection, but that whosoever had his daughter would be better dead than alive. The wedding, however, was fixed, and the bride was led away to her husband's house, and, according to the Moorish custom, a supper was prepared, and the table was laid, and the fathers and mothers left the bride and bridegroom together till the next

day, not without great fear and suspicion that they should find the bridegroom in the morning dead, or not far from it (*muerto, o muy mal trecho*). As soon as they were gone, the new married couple sat down at the table, and before she could speak, he, looking about him, saw one of his house dogs, and calling to him with a loud voice, ordered him to bring water to wash his hands, which the dog not doing, he got up in a rage, and drew his sword; this the dog seeing, ran away, and he after him, till he caught him, and cut off his head and legs, and his body in pieces, and dashed the blood over the table and all over the room; then came and seated himself at the table. He looked round again, and saw a Maltese beagle, (*un blanche*), and gave him the same order; but on his not complying, he first threatened to serve him as he had done the mastiff, then, springing from his chair, he caught him by the legs, and cut him into a hundred pieces; then he returned a second time to the table, making horrid faces and furious gestures, and stared wildly around him. The bride, who was an eye-witness of all this, was beside herself for fear, and stupid, without being able to utter a syllable. He then swore he would serve every living creature in the same manner, not excepting his horse, which was the only one he had remaining to him; then having killed his horse, he came back to the table with his sword reeking in blood, and seeing no other animal to kill, turned his eyes on his wife, and cried with a furious tone of voice, 'Get up, and bring me water to wash my hands.' She immediately rose and brought him water. Then he said, if you had not done it, I would have served you as I served the dogs and the horse. He then ordered her to help him, which she did, but with so horrid an accent, that she still expected to have her head cut off. In this same manner they passed the night together, and she never spoke, but did every thing he bade her: and when they had slept some little while, he said to his wife, 'I have not been able to rest for rage to-night, see that nobody disturb me to-morrow morning, and take care that I have a good breakfast.'

Early in the morning, the parents of the bride and bridegroom knocked at the door, and, as no one answered, they concluded that the bridegroom was either killed or wounded, and when they saw the bride came to the door without her husband, they were confirmed in their suspicions. As soon as she saw them, she began to call them traitors, and asked them how they dared come to the door without speaking; make no noise or you are all dead men. This astonished them still more, and when they knew how the night had been spent, they thought very highly of the young man for his great skill in governing his wife, and arranging his

household; and from that day forward she was so well managed, that he lived perfectly well with her; and the father-in-law took a hint from his son, and killed a horse to keep his wife in order.

BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

MEMOIRS OF DR. TILLOCH.

ALEXANDER TILLOCH was a native of Glasgow, where he was born on the 28th of February, 1759; his parents were highly respectable, and he received, what in Scotland is more easily attained than in England, a college education. While yet a very young man, we find him devoting his attention to an improvement in printing, although at that time scarcely acquainted with the manual process of the art: how successful he was will at once be perceived, when we state that he discovered and practised stereotype printing. He communicated his ideas on the subject to Mr. Foulis, the eminent printer to the University of Glasgow, who furnished him with a page of types ready set up, or composed, for his first experiment, which had sufficient success to induce him to try others, and convinced Mr. Foulis that plates could be produced capable of yielding impressions not to be distinguished from those taken from types.—Mr. Tilloch and Mr. Foulis agreed to prosecute the art in partnership. They took out patents for it in England and Scotland; and several small volumes were actually printed from plates made by them, and the impressions sold to the booksellers, without any intimation of their being printed out of the common way. Circumstances of a private nature induced them to lay aside the business for a time, and others supervened to prevent them ever resuming it. 'At the time of the discovery,' says Mr. Tilloch, with a great deal of philosophic candour, 'I flattered myself that we were original; and with these sanguine ideas, which are natural to a young man, indulged the hopes of reaping some fame at least from the discovery; nay, I was even weak enough to feel vexed when I afterwards found that I had been anticipated by a Mr. Ged of Edinburgh, who had printed books from letter-press plates about fifty years before. The knowledge of this fact lessened the value of the discovery so much in my estimation, that I felt but little anxiety to be known as a second inventor; and, but for the persevering attempts of others to deprive Ged of the fame his memory so justly merits, and which he dearly earned, I might still have remained silent.'

From Glasgow Mr. Tilloch went to London, where, soon after his arrival, he became one of the proprietors of The Star evening newspaper. About this time, the events in France assumed an absorbing interest, and the attention of Mr. Tilloch was diverted from studies more congenial to his taste and habits to politics; he took an active share in conducting that journal, and the articles he wrote were distinguished by their vigour and independence. His mind, however, soon turned to his favourite studies, and, perceiving the want of a monthly scientific journal, he commenced The Philosophical Magazine, which he conducted with great ability latterly, in conjunction with his able coadjutor, Mr. Taylor. This has been followed by several works of a similar nature, so that almost every science has its distinct journal.

Dr. Tilloch was always an active philanthropist, and he saw with pain and regret the numerous victims which every year suffered for forging Bank of England notes: he rationally felt, that in proportion as forgery was rendered difficult, it would be unfrequent; and he devoted his whole soul to the plan of making such a note as it would be impossible to imitate without detection. In this he felt assured he had succeeded, and he submitted the result of his labours to the governor and directors of the Bank of England. They did not however, adopt the proposed plan, or indeed any other; and, although Dr. Tilloch had devoted years to mature it, and had incurred great expenses, yet he got no compensation.

The steam-engine was another subject to which Dr. Tilloch devoted his comprehensive mind, and among the list of patents, we find one dated the 11th of January 1825, only fifteen days before his death, 'To Alexander Tilloch, of Islington, Doctor of Laws, for his invention or discovery of an improvement in the steam-engine, or in the apparatus connected therewith, and also applicable to other useful purposes.' We trust that this discovery will not be lost to the world. In private life, Dr. Tilloch was particularly amiable, in conversation at once cheerful and profound; he possessed great acuteness of observation, and an uncompromising firmness of character: his style of writing was rather strong than elegant, but generally apposite to the subject in hand, and he was never verbose. For three years at least, he was unable to sleep in his bed; at length, death released him from all his sufferings, on the 26th of January last. In-person, Dr. Tilloch was rather tall, and well proportioned, with a fine intellectual countenance. He has left one daughter, married to Mr. Galt.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

— Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

MINUTES OF
CONVERSATIONS AT DR. MITCHILL'S

The Insect that destroys Peach Trees.

The destruction of Peach Trees in the region round New-York, and various other parts of the country, is felt as a serious calamity. It is now understood that the chief ravager, is an insect which assails the tree at a point between air and earth, or just below the ground level, and a little above the root.

A collection of these destructive creatures was produced in the several states of 1, *Larva*, or grub; 2, *Crysalis*, or nymph; and 3, *Imago*, or perfect insect. Some of the *Larvæ* were fresh from the holes and burrows they had made in the bark and wood around the base of the ascending caudex. To avoid their ravages, three methods have been proposed. 1. To surround the vulnerable part of the peach tree with clay, lime, or some mild plastic substance, for keeping the enemy away. 2. To watch the mother insects as they are preparing to deposit their eggs, and to destroy them; and 3, To pick out the *larvæ* and *crysalides* with the point of a knife or trowel, and relieve the tree from their noxious presence. The latter is probably the only one that can be relied on.

The lady who produced these latter specimens, relieved a peach tree in her garden from six of these vermin nestling near each other and intercepting the passage of the sap and nourishment. They are fully an inch long, and continue in the grub state until spring, inasmuch as they were picked out as late as the 27th of March. Where they encircled the body, their nests or habitations made an almost continued series of erosions and ulcers, overspread with an exudation of gum, from the diseased vessels. The larva has a white body with a reddish head and six feet. The *crysalis* is contained in a case of bark: this pernicious animal is a member of the hymenopterous class, and is called by our capital entomologist, T. Say, *ÆGERIA EXITIOSA*. When perfect, the abdomen is sessile, or connected with the thorax directly without the intervening thread or footstalk; and the wings veined, and somewhat iridescent.

Minerals from various quarters.

From the Island of Elba, by Capt. Benjamin Noyes of the brig White Oak, came specimens of the iron ores of this famous place, viz:—(a) The *magnetical oxyd*, in an amorphous form, and lightish or reddish brown colour. The power was strong enough to attract filings of the metal, and impart to them beautiful erection and radiation. The quality of the ore seemed very much to resemble a mounted loadstone, prepared for experiment on weight, already in the museum. (c) The *Specular oxyd*, whose crystals rise from the ore, with eight or more sides of the twenty-four faces, which, according to the accurate Haüy, constitute its perfect form. In the present pieces, each side or face of the crystal is a complete mirror, in which the beholder may discern his eye, or any other part that comes within the limits of the reflecting surface. So little disposition is there in this elegant mineral for decomposition, that it has remained for ages, even from its first formation, bright and untarnished. (c) *The iridescent and brilliant ores* from the same locality; exhibiting in changeable rainbow and peacock hues, almost all the variegations of light, in a series of splendid articles. (d) The *Cellular sulphuret*, divided into partitions or compartments of an angular figure, by thin, foliaceous, and filing plates. The colours brassy, coppery or pigeon-neck; and the chambers often furnished with furniture of delicate quartz-crystals. (e) *A harvest of mountain-crystal growing out of a ferruginous soil*; or, in other words, a silicious oxyd supporting a beautiful growth of quartz-crystals, distinct, grouped, clustered, and radiating. And (f.) *Dendritical agate, having a white ground variegated by black figures*: the arborescences are very beautiful, and penetrate the stone in so many directions that they are conspicuous on the transverse and oblique, as well as on the longitudinal fracture.

2. From the *Calcareous quarries* in Maryland, by Thomas H. Mitchell, Esq. who enriched our country by introducing living plants of the aracacha, some specimens of the rich, curious, and variegated breccia, of which the magnificent pillars consist that support the dome of that compartment of the capital at Washington, where the representatives of a free nation hold their sittings: fine specimens from the transition tract, extend-

ing according to the great geologist William Maclure, from Canada to Alabama, and possessing the same composition with the polished slab, received from the late Colonel Lane, superintendant of the public buildings.

3. From *New Providence* in the Bahama cluster of Islands, by Peter S. Townsend, M. D. This gentleman stated that they appeared to be stalactitical productions from the *Painted caves*, situated about eight miles west of Nassau, near to but not communicating with the sea, or its immediate shore. In the whole range, these natural excavations "are about seventy feet in length and twenty-five in height. The petrifications which depend from various parts of the ceiling from painted arches, and seem to divide the cavity into several compartments, having very much the appearance of the gothic cloisters of an old monastery; and at the time I visited them, the resemblance struck me more forcibly from the feeble and dim light admitted through openings in the roof, and from the presence of bats who were flitting to and fro in the shadowy atmosphere. Through the holes in the ceiling, pass out to the open air above, the trunks and branches of trees, whose roots are attached to the floor below. By the same openings, there enter and hang down from the ground above the caves, an infinite number of long fibrous roots like cords, which reach quite to the bottom. The vaulted arches are rendered more beautiful and picturesque by the *green colour* with which they are stained by the vegetable matters that trickle down their sides from the sward investing the roof without. This circumstance has given rise to the particular name by which the caves are distinguished and known." The specimens are calcareous carbonates formed by deposition from water in the usual way; and the green stain, which is superficial, and does not penetrate deep into their substance, must have been applied at a very recent period.

4. From Messina, by Capt. B. Noyes, arrives a noble collection of Volcanic minerals gathered in Sicily and the Liparean Islands, by a professed dealer in such productions. Their number exceeds one hundred and twenty, and give striking illustrations of igneous productions by Strombolo, *Ætna*, and the other burning craters thereabout. To

add to their interest, they are all numbered and labeled in an exact invoice or catalogue; whereby they are rendered a very instructive parcel of things, gathered by much labour, arranged with scientific skill, and worthy of a place in the best cabinet of the country.

5. The *Glauberite*, or native sulphate of Soda and Lime, without the water of crystallization, from Villaruba, New Castile, Old Spain, by J. Griscom, L. L. D. was ordered to its place among the salts. The *Arragonites in ferruginous clay*, from Spain by J. Smyth Rogers, M. D. were directed to be deposited in company with a neat specimen from the same country, and another from Auvergne in France, forwarded by the late M. Haüy, and near a splendid one, sent from Mexico, by Professor Del Rio, of the University there. The *ores of lead and copper* from the mines of Cornwall, England, by Dr. J. Rule, the *maele* from Northampton, Massachusetts, and several other articles, were likewise properly disposed of.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

The Last Days of Lord Byron is a title of a work which Captain Parry, of Lord Byron's brigade, who was with him at his death, and possessed his confidence in life, means to publish in a short time. The account which he gives of the death of his friend is said to be calculated to add, if any thing could add, to the national regret for his loss; and to excite feelings even stronger than surprise, at the conduct of some persons connected with Lord Byron.

A contrivance has been invented by Mr. Sperring, of Buckland, near Frome, to relieve the wheel-horse of a two-wheel carriage going down hill. It takes the whole weight from the horse's back, without removing the load; and very much retards the motion of carriages, without being in any way connected with the wheels. It is simple in its construction, and may be altered at the top or bottom of the hill in a few seconds, with great ease; it may also be disengaged from the carriage in two minutes.

A sort of theological review has appeared in Rome under the title of *Giornale Ecclesiastico*, two numbers of which have already been published. It professes to give a reasoned analysis of all new works on the sub-

ject of religion, whether for or against the doctrines of the Catholic church; and it will also contain the decrees and judgments of the sacred college in matters ecclesiastical.

Dr Bernhard, of Larris, in Germany, has made a very interesting discovery, for which he has received a patent. It consists in obtaining from animal substances, of which hitherto no use has been made, a product perfectly similar to leather. A manufacture has been established at Gumbold, near Vienna, where this new species of industry is practised with the greatest activity. This discovery of Dr. Bernhard is the more important, as the composition is capable, when in a fluid state, of being formed into boots and shoes.

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, all that can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.
MARQUIS D'ARGENS

POETS OF CHINA.

THE writings of Confucius, the celebrated Chinese legislator, have been long known to Europeans, and greatly admired for the purity of the morality they inculcate. Confucius, however, can scarcely be entitled to the rank of a poet; at least such of his writings as we have seen, although they contain many sublime passages, are not of that measured nature which characterizes poetry. In the "Moral Discourses" of this philosopher, he mentions a number of books existing in China, filled with useful and agreeable knowledge; but the most important of these consists of the "*Five Books*," one of which at least must be perfectly known to every Chinese who aspires to literary honours. The first of these is purely historical, consisting of annals of the empire, and was within these few years translated into French. It claims an antiquity of 2337 years before the commencement of the Christian era.

The second book is a collection of odes or short poems, 300 in number, complimentary of ancient sovereigns and legislators, and descriptive of ancient manners. It does not appear that this work was ever translated into a European language; but Confucius says of the poems that their whole tendency is to inculcate this grand principle, "that we should not even entertain a thought of

any thing base or culpable." The collection is entitled "*Shi' King*;" most of the odes are 3000 years old, and some of them, according to the Chinese annals, considerably older. The author of a "*Dissertation on the Second Classical Book of the Chinese*," published in the *Asiatic Miscellany*, gives a verbal translation from the original, and a paraphrase of one of these odes, said to have been written during the reign of the Emperor Ping-Vang, 766 years before the birth of Christ, or, according to Sir Isaac Newton, 148 years after the taking of Troy; so that the Chinese poet might have been cotemporary with Hesiod and Homer, or wrote the ode before the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were carried into Greece by Lycurgus. To enable our readers to form some idea of the poetic talents of these ancient Chinese bards, we subjoin the paraphrase

In praise of Vucun, Prince of Guey.

Behold, where yon blue riv'let glides
Along the laughing dale;
Light reeds bedeck its verdant sides,
And frolic in the gale:

So shines our prince! In bright array
The virtues round him wait;
And sweetly smile th' auspicious day
That rais'd him o'er the state.

As pliant hands in shapes refin'd
Rich iv'ry carve and smoothe,
His laws thus mould each ductile mind,
And every passion soothe.

As gems are taught, by patient art,
In sparkling ranks to beam,
With manners thus he forms the heart,
And spreads a gen'ral gleam.

What soft, yet awful dignity!
What meek, yet manly grace!
What sweetness dances in his eye,
And blossoms in his face!

So shines our prince! A sky-born crowd
Of virtues round him blaze:
Ne'er shall oblivion's murky cloud
Obscure his deathless praise.

The following beautiful lines form part of another ode in the "*Shi' King*:"—

Gay child of Spring, the garden's queen,
Yon peach-tree charms the roving sight:
Its fragrant leaves, how richly green!
Its blossoms, how divinely bright!

So softly smiles the blooming bride,
By love and conscious virtue led
O'er her new mansion to preside,
And placid joys around her spread.

The poem of *Kien Long*, the predecessor of the present Emperor of China, in praise of tea, and which he caused to be inscribed on a set of porcelain cups, has been frequent-

ly spoken of by travellers, though we do not recollect to have seen a translation of it for many years. In the 1st vol. of the London Poetical Magazine for 1804, we find the following "Chinese Song," which we transcribe because we think not unworthy of a place in the columns of the Minerva:—

O daughter of the great Ching-Chum,
Whose eyes like Kasian diamonds glow,
And wilt thou love thy Fa-Fe-Fum,
My sweet, my lovely, Ho-ang Ho?

The swans their downy plumage lave,
Where Lano's wandering waters flow;
But, can the swans of Lano's wave
Compare with thee, my Ho-ang Ho?

Six moons have travell'd thro' the skies,
And softly gleam'd on Kiang-O,
Since first thy beauty met my eyes,
Light of my soul, my Ho-ang Ho.

Oh, when I clasp thee to my breast!
Chang-fee, to whom the nations bow,
Shall not be half so truly blest,
As Fa-Fe-Fum and Ho-ang Ho.

We question whether the amatory poetry of any country or age could produce a finer specimen than the above. The second verse is peculiarly fine and poetic.

THE GRACES.

We come," said they, and Echo said, "We come,"
In sounds that o'er me hovered like perfume:
"We come," THE GRACES three: to teach the spell,
That makes sweet woman lovelier than her bloom."
Then rose a heavenly chant of voice and shell:
"Let Wit, and Wisdom, with her sovereign Beauty dwell."

FEMALE TENDERNESS.

It was during a late severe season, a winter remarkable for its long and inclement frost, experienced with equal rigour throughout Italy, France, and Germany, where the largest rivers were rapidly congealed, and people were seen to fall dead with cold, that in the French town of Metz, a poor sentinel was sent upon guard on one of the bitterest nights, when a fierce north wind added to the usual cold. His watch was in the most exposed situation of the place, and he had scarcely recovered from severe indisposition, but he was a soldier, and declared his readiness to take his round. It chanced that he had pledged his affections to a young woman of the same city, who no sooner heard of his being on duty, than she began to lament bitterly, declaring it to be impossible for him to survive the insufferable severity of such a night, after the illness under which he still lingered. Tormented with anxiety, she was unable to close her eyes, or even to retire to rest; and as the night advanced, the cold becoming more intense, her fancy depicted

him struggling against the fearful elements, and his own weakness; and at length, no longer able to support himself, overpowered with slumber, and sinking to eternal rest upon the ground. Maddened at the idea, and heedless of consequences, she hastily clothed herself as warmly as she could, ran out of the house, situated not far from the place of watch, and with the utmost courage arrived alone at the spot. And there she indeed found her poor soldier nearly as exhausted as she had imagined, being with difficulty able to keep his feet, owing to the intenseness of the frost. She earnestly conjured him to hasten, though only for a little while, to revive himself at her house; when having taken some refreshment, he might return; but aware of the consequences of such a step, this he kindly, though resolutely, refused to do. 'But only for a few minutes,' she continued, 'while you melt the horrid frost which has almost congealed you alive.' 'Not an instant,' returned the soldier; 'it were certain death even to stir from this spot.' 'Surely not!' cried the affectionate girl, 'it will never be known; and if you stay, your death will still be more certain; you have at least a chance, and it is your duty, if possible, to preserve your life. Besides, should your absence happen to be discovered, heaven will take pity upon us, and provide in some way for your preservation.' 'Yes,' said the soldier, 'but that is not the question; for suppose I could do it with impunity, is it noble or honourable thus vilely to abandon my post, without any one upon guard?' 'But there will be some one: if you consent to go, I will remain here until you return. I am not in the least afraid; so be quick, and give me your arms.' This request she enforced with so much eloquence and tenderness, and so many tears, that the poor soldier, against his better judgment, was fain to yield, more especially as he felt himself becoming fainter and fainter, and unable much longer to resist the cold. Intending to return within a few minutes, he left the kind-hearted girl in his place, wrapping her in his cloak, and giving her his arms and cap, together with the watch-word; and such was her delight at the idea of having saved the life of her beloved, that she was for a time insensible to the intense severity of the weather. But just as she was flattering herself with the hope of his return, an officer made his appearance, who, as she forgot in her confusion to give the sign, suspected that the soldier had either fallen asleep or fled. What was his surprise, on rushing to the spot, to find a young girl overpowered with alarm, and unable to give any account of herself, from her extreme agitation and tears.

Being instantly conducted to the guard-house, and restored to some degree of confi-

Thus sleep the dead in yon church-yard,
Where checkering moonbeams purely fall;
Thus sleep the dead beneath the sward,
Calmly—softly—sweetly all!

STANZAS.

Had I a boat on some fairy stream,
There would I sail in the morning's beam;
I'd entwine its mast with wreaths of flow'rs,
And be steer'd on my way by the laughing hours;
Young Love should supply my favouring gales,
And Hope breathe soft on my silken sails.

Then I'd hide thee, love, 'neath a veil of dew,
That no eye save mine should e'er glance thro';
And I'd fondly deck thy tresses dark
With the glow-worm's bright and fairy spark,
And weave a halo around thy head,
Like that by the lunar rainbow shed.

Thy gossamer robe, in its airy flow,
Should bear the hue of the Alpine snow—
Of the rose's blush should be thy vest,
That paly rose which maids love best!
With a zone of the butterfly's tinted wing,
For thou art as fair and as bright a thing.

BY YON LONE GROT.

By yon lone grot where the wild fount drips,
And the tangled woodbine's wreathing,
A whisper and sigh from viewless lips
On the fragrant air is breathing.
A spirit on dewy wing hath past,
And the young buds sever brightly,
That each tint and odour around it cast
May sink in their soft breasts lightly.

'Tis the still sweet voice of passionate love
By yon lone grot thou hearest,
And the star-freakt jessamin hath stolen above
To droop where it floats the clearest;
For sweeter on earth that whisper and sighs
Than harps on the moon-lit billow,
Or strain in elysian bow'rs that die
O'er a sleeping seraph's pillow.

THE STORM.

The wind roar'd loud, high roll'd the deep,
And fiercely glared the lightning blue,
When Emma starting from her sleep,
For refuge to my bosom flew.

Her blushing cheek against it press'd,
Her swimming eyes upon me roll'd,
High beat her heart within her breast,
Half hidden by her locks of gold.

Now louder rag'd the angry storm
And closer clung the frightened fair,
I press'd to mine her yielding form,
Nor heeded aught the lightning's glare.

But soon the tempest ceased to rave,
Too soon by far I thought it past,
And O! such joys that tempest gave
I wish'd it might for ever last.

CANZONET.

Thy smile is like the morning beam,
That sheds its light of life around;
When stealing forth with quiet gleam,
From silver clouds, in crimson crown'd;
But, oh! the beam, love, in thine eye,
Excels the morning's waking light;
'Tis like the music of thy sigh,
And woos the heart to pure delight.
Yes! 'twas that smile, that melting tone,
Which made my heart so much thy own!

The rose of morning sleeps in dew;
'Tis rock'd by zephyr's lullaby;
'Twill slumber on, till wak'd by you,
With summer smile, and balmy sigh.
Oh! then 'twill rise in envied bliss,
And boast to its companions fair,
Its perfume is—thy fragrant kiss,
Its tint—the blush, thou lov'st to wear.
Yes! dearest maid! this heart doth own,
It lives—it throbs—for thee alone!

MADRIGAL.

From the Greek.

TO MAIA.

The youth who sees thee may rejoice,
And he is blest who hears thy voice;
But, oh! what cause of smiles has he
Who, happy, gains a smile from thee!

Happy is he who thee admires,
Happier, who sighs with soft desires;
But, oh! more blest, more happy he,
Who, sighing, gains a sigh from thee!

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—The Letter A.

PUZZLE II.—Because it comes from the clouds.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Why is a Schoolmaster's lash like a monument?

II.

Why is a gold watch like a criminal under sentence of death?

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